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Hugh Hamilton.

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The Character of Presbyterianism in
Portions of Pennsylvania, a Paper, by
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Delivered at Donegal Church, Lancaster County,
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A list of some of the LINE of Presbyterian Churches.

- 1684. Rehoboth, Delaware.
- 1686. Snow Hill, Maryland.
- 1692. Freehold, New Jersey.
- 1694. Philadelphia, Pa.
- 1704. Lewes, Delaware.
- 1707. New Castle, Delaware.
- 1709. Drawyer's, Delaware.
- 1709. White Clay, Delaware.
- 1709. "Lower Octorara," Mouth of Octorara, Md.
- 1710. "Welsh Tract," Bucks Co., Pa.
- 1710. Great Valley, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1711. Neshaminy, Bucks Co., Pa.
- 1720. Upper Octorara, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1720. Middle Octorara, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1721. DONEGAL, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1724. Pequa, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1724. Leacock, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1725. Derry, Dauphin Co., Pa.
- 1725. Bath, Northampton Co., Pa.
- 1728. New London (X Roads) Chester Co., Pa.
- 1729. Paxton (near Harrisburg,) Dauphin Co., Pa.
- 1730. Fagg's Manor, Chester, Pa.
- ✓ 1730. Chestnut Level, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1733. Forks of the Brandywine, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1733. Falling Springs, (Chambersburg,) Pa.
- 1736. Silver Spring, Cumberland Co., Pa.
- 1737. Big Spring, Cumberland Co., Pa.
- ✓ 1737. Green Castle, Franklin Co., Pa., "Falling Spring."
- 1738. Little Conewago, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1738. Welsh Run, Franklin Co., Pa.
- 1739. Middle Spring, Cumberland Co., Pa.
- 1739. Rocky Spring, Franklin Co., Pa.
- 1740. Doe Run, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1740. Great Conewago. Adams Co., Pa.
- 1740. Gettysburg, Adams Co., Pa.
- 1741. Conococheague, Franklin Co., Pa.
- 1742. Muddy Run ("Old Log Church") Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1745. Monoghan, York Co. (Dillsburg) Pa.
- 1746. Sugar Creek, Mecklenburg, N. C.
- 1755. Oxford, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1755. Hopewell, Mecklenburg, N. C.
- 1763. Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- 1763. Lancaster, Pa.
- 1766. Lower Path Valley, Perry Co., Pa.
- 1766. Path Valley, Perry Co., Pa.
- 1766. Upper Path Valley, Perry Co., Pa.
- 1770. Charles Town, Chester Co., Pa.
- 1775. Cedar Grove ("Blue Ball") Lancaster Co., Pa.

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Wm. J. W. W.
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The Results of the Character of Presbyterianism in Portions of Pennsylvania.



THE consequence of the transplantation into Pennsylvania of the persecuted but steadfast Presbyterians, who had fled from Scotland, for several generations, into Ireland; thence, ever westward, until they crossed the Atlantic ocean, moving with continued industry across the Temperate zone of North America, has been the planting of Presbyterian churches, until in last May (1909) when "The General Assembly" of the Presbyterian denomination met in Denver, Colorado, under the eastern shadow of "Pike's Peak," it was represented by thousands of persons of National importance.

"How many Presbyteries are there in the United States of America?" More than in Scotland times over.

We can only epitomize the material effects seen in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania; its significance is known by:—

A line of tomb-stones.

A line of communities of the highest moral conduct, trying to convince and convert their neighbors by word and example.

A line of churches, as stations, that followed their enterprising march, developing a character which has endured, survived and is represented in Donegal this very day.

The first building of resort erected by the immigrant Presbyterian was the "meeting house;" unlike New England, placing secular education before religious duty. The origin

of this distinction between the Puritan of Middle England and the Presbyterian of Scotland was the method of their change to Protestantism. The Church of England separated from the Roman Catholic communion by the order of King Henry VIII, entirely through personal and political reasons. This fact left the Church without a strong religious foundation for their action of protest, so they sought relief in the spirit of investigation instead of revelation, while the Knoxonian Calvinism was of a personal, convincing quality. The English Church desired better things, but could only grasp the speculative philosophy offered amidst the ritualism borrowed from Roman Catholic practices, which expressed itself in a true protest however, by the agency of a rigorously plain costume and primitive repressive rules, creating the Puritan, who was governed solely through an individual congregational system as opposed to the Episcopal plan; which course brought personal antagonisms into prominence and narrow antipathies ultimately resulting in no faith in fellow or God. They wished by searching wisdom to find out God.

On the other hand the organization of the Scottish Church into Presbyteries broadened the view of Evangelical effort and effectiveness in its promotion; because John Knox put revelation before knowledge; while the other fell into the yet vulgar error of trying to place knowledge before God's word.

The progress of the Pioneer Presbyterian, in the sylvan wilds of the grant of William Penn, is denoted by a LINE OF GRAVE-YARDS, each surrounded by a breast-high stone wall near an abundant spring. The wall was to protect the graves from desecration and to repel Indians when offended by the settler in his work of making rude homes better than those left in Scotland and Ireland.

When the wild Indian became too annoying the population fled to the church, and thence to the real fort or church graveyard wall. The crude weapons of the Red man were no match

for the firearms of the white man, the latter could injure at a greater distance. So these grave-stones are the whited way of our pioneer ancestors. These grave-stones are lines of truth and depict on their graven surfaces the names of some of those whose blood courses in our bodies who are here now.

All names signify lives. The length and character of these lives are here shown in brief epitaph how their families or neighbors regarded them. Many humble ones are buried here, whose graves are marked only with a rude unhewn stone, or an initial letter or two; but God's great judgment book recorded their character whatever their reputation when amid their contemporaries. They came to the church solely from a sense of worship, to hear the word of God and to practice it in their lives, the convincing and converting Scripture alone containing the absolutely true elements of correct human life and endeavor.

These names have made history, in opposing injustice by any ruler and forcibly supporting that opposition, still commemorated and emblazoned in heraldry as the "bloody hand of Ulster." The earlier possessors of our names had shouted "The battle-cry of Freedom" long before it was put into words of rhyme or tune of music. It rang in the glades of Scotland "For God and the Covenant." Those voices cheered at the "Battle of the Boyne," re-echoed, after crossing the Counties Donegal, Tyrone and Fermanagh, in Donegal Bay, came tossing over the ocean, up the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays to fight the "Bad" Indian, to fight the French in America, saving the then Colonies as a Protestant nation. Can we keep it so? "Aye." That's a greater question now than that which gave birth to Hamlet's Soliloquy! Again it sounded a deep American Hurrah! after it had administered a victorious rebuke to the English tyranny of George III, who had forgotten Oliver Cromwell. The same names on those tombstones glittered and gave their blood in the conflict of 1861.

You remember McClellan, Grant, Blair and Alexander (the same of the name that signed the "Mecklenburg" Declaration of Independence) and oh! so many others.

In Paxton Church graveyard near Harrisburg is this Epitaph, as an example of those in many old Presbyterian burial grounds:

"In Memory of John Kean, Sr., Esq., born July 5th, 1758—
died May 28th, 1801,
'An Irishman by birth,
An American at heart:
He boldly fought for the Liberty of his Country.'"

Observe he fought "*boldly*" and for "*liberty*," not glory nor honor.

The peace-loving Friend in Philadelphia put the fearless contentious Scotch-Irish Presbyterians to defend the border, then at Gap, just above Christiana, Lancaster County, against the turbulent tribe of giant Conestogas in the Townships of Paradise in the Pequea Valley and then gave them the opportunity to convert Indians into "Good ones" by sending them to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" and by pushing them over the hills and far away to "*Donegal*." Here our forefathers stopped long enough to build a church. As an outpost it soon forced the Red man over the Conewago hills into the great valley of the Blue Ridge, where they followed, founding "Derry" and "Paxton" and other Presbyterian churches; onward down along its Appalachian foot-hills to Mecklenburg, N. C., where "seven Presbyterian churches" were established. These Presbyterians defied British domination on the 20th of May, 1775, before the Colonies grasped the true situation more than a year afterwards, on 4th July, 1776, in Philadelphia. President Taft on 20th of May, 1909, celebrated the anniversary in Mecklenburg, N. C. Their impulse did not stop

but went round the mountains into Tennessee and Kentucky, where their descendants of our names still talk the idiom of Knox. They are called "The Mountain White"—a distinct strain—neither master nor slave, subject to no man and little law—Independent! He yet fights with his foe in primitive fashion "of no quarter." The frugal, peaceful German was close at hand, in the name "Mecklenburg." Both of these races were fleeing from too much government. The fiery Scot killed Indians there like he did squirrels, whenever he saw one. The German worked with patience the land which the Scot rid of savages.

This Celtic blood was not very patient; it chafed at restraint. Here in Donegal it lived, worshiped, fought and died, leaving behind a posterity as ready for feud as ever, and more or less hampered with the consequences of rashness—debt.

They did not like to labor too much with their hands, if their wits could save them from it, so many of them moved west after selling their possessions to their peaceful, industrious tenants, the Germans, over whose turnip and grain fields they rode recklessly to fox and hounds. But the Teutonic love of liberty was not less pronounced, though he did not emphasize it like the Scot, with the active desire to make others comply with his vigorous interpretation of it.

The attractiveness of Penn's domain to those who had suffered so much from the ruinous effects of the wars that were caused by the birth of the Reformation was made more so by the English attempting in New York and the Roman (Catholic) church in Maryland to found States upon sectarian views. The greatest freedom the United States of America enjoys is: The emancipation of church organization from the political organization, called government. This does not imply the separation of fidelity to God from patriotism; they belong together of essentially different administrations.

The Scot and Scotch-Irish hated the formal English church as well as the German of the Palatinate, who despised the Roman Catholic neighbor. They merely wished to worship in a manner agreeable to their own temperament under skies of a new firmament in America. Flowing from such a furnace of trial into these cool and shady valleys of Lancaster County, Pa., the calmer Scotch-Irish did not fail to be charmed by the round faces, cheerful ways and graceful persons of that sturdy Saxon pedigree, who became the Pennsylvania Dutch girls; so married them.

They could understand and speak English soon after marriage, beside were the means of more intelligent communication with their German neighbors in many transactions of importance. They were and are now most excellent housewives. They attended the Presbyterian services, and their children were retained by the Scottish pastors. At present they form a sterling individuality made up of Scottish, Irish and German descent, sometimes with a German patronymic. It contains the shrewd inventive mind of the Scot, the obstinate and quick temper of the Irish, the phlegmatic, philosophical mental German characteristics, determining its intensely religious and patriotic disposition; it is being moulded into a golden stream of character, hemmed in alone by time and sense.

“Look back upon that way;
The mountains climbed, the torrents crossed,
Through many a weary day.
From this victorious height,
How fair the past appears.”

They rest:

“Under thy sod
Earth received the treasure.”

Into :

“That peace which flows,
Serene and deep,
A river in the Soul;
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God’s sunshine o’er the whole.”

Who were these that came through great tribulation?
(The Black Oath, Sacramental Test. James II, &c.) A proud
hot-headed people, logical; and not too easily convinced or
converted, but when they were convinced their position was of
a converting nature, that all met must agree to his way or he
was not thought to be living as he should. Such was that *line*
of lives of strong convictions and ungovernable prejudices,
forming a desirable force on your side, that was a millstone
ready to grind or drown one who did not coincide with it.

How often did those toiling, loyal and loving Scotch-Irish-
German wives and mothers say :

“I’m so tired-like this night,
I cannot think to pray;
And now, when I see the Lord Jesus,
Whatever am I to say?

I would not say a word, Dear,
For sure, He understands;
I would not ever say a word—at all,
But, Mary;—Just show Him your hands!”

All the men had the “Davy Crockett” idea, “Be sure
you’re right then go ahead.” Our Fathers, the old Pennsyl-
vania frontier Presbyterians, never had but two words—Right
or Wrong—No Compromise. The other fellow was assured
by them that he could not be wrong! They left behind them
a gloriously sanctified record and heritage of Christian en-

deavor and personal narrative of imperishable fame—The Fame that is proclaimed by Gabriel's trumpet—Eternally.

Not the Fame won by the National battles of the world—for the Scotch-Irish is not a Nation; they placed "line upon line" of effort—"Precept upon precept;" here and there; little by little, arose logs and stones into churches, enclosed about with the substantial wall of the graveyard. In vision we see the row of gray eyes that looked over the graveyard wall and from under shocks of red hair, along rusty rifle barrels with flint locks, resisting the whooping Indian in war paint as they did the millinery of English Arch-bishop Laud's persecution.

To the Death—Victoriously!

They planted this line of grave stones not only to cover their bones, but to make their virtues tangible then and hereafter, in venerated sanctuaries.

"Donegal" has endured, survived, and is still established here; ready and willing to convince and convert to Presbyterianism all comers to its reasonable doctrines and unadorned faith.

What are the results of such a history? That their names should live through time, legend and lore, producing as a primary evidence a great spiritual power, then a political one of no mean consequence and last, but not least—a local influence that demanded and obtained leading recognition.

The county of Lancaster in England was one of its chief Duchies, and now here, in among the rolling hills of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, arose these *lines of historic churches*, occupying situations beautiful to admire and as admirable to defend.

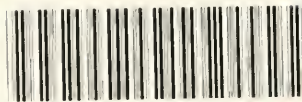
They nourished, bringing to perfection, divines of exceptional power; they were the well spring of the life that gave rise to President Buchanan, "a gentleman of the old school;" to the Honorable Simon Cameron, United States Senator, the "Warwick" of the policy and success of the

United States of America for more than forty years! Men, and such men as these, learned their "Shorter Catechism"—that Appendix to the Ten Commandments, which has stimulated lofty and laudable ambition to die "For God, the Covenant and Country," and at the same time lent a certain stroke to the oar that safely propels the craft of human eternal existence over the mythical but nevertheless unknown depths of our river Styx,—Death!—to the other shore—to the Paradise on High. So we may write:—

"O sweet and blessed Country
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!"

"Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, Oh! Dust and Ashes!
The Lord SHALL be thy part;
His only, HIS forever,
Thou shalt BE, and THOU ART!"

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